

# APPARITION

OF THE

GHOST of General C—n,

Which appeared to the Man who wore the yellow Sash at the  
Battle of Dettingen.

**A**PPARITIONS in former Times were so common, that it was nothing extraordinary to hear of the Ghost of the departed appearing to his Friend on Earth; but an Apparition like this is hardly to be equal'd in sacred or profane History; the only Instance that bears Comparison to it is the Ghok of *Eustace Budget*, Esq; to the Gentleman with a *blue Garter*, for as he had often drawn his Pen in Defence of the Rights and Privileges of his Country, which that Gentleman had endeavoured frequently to destroy, so General *Clayton* had at various Times drawn his Sword for the Protection of his Country, and put himself at the Head of those Troops which the Gentleman in the *Yellow Sash* disdain'd to be seen with.

The Clock had just struck One, when, like the Ghost of *Hamlet's* Father shining in Armour, with his Beaver up, stalk'd in the Ghost of this never to be forgotten *Hero*, carrying in his Countenance the Appearance both of Disdain and Anger. Fear struck the *yellow* Gentleman to the Soul; his Legs, as unstable as his Temper, was hardly able to support his debauch'd Carcass; and in a low and hammering Speech, by the help of a *Common Prayer Book*, he repeated the Lord's Prayer.

After he had rallied up his terrify'd Spirits so much as to be in some Measure Master of his small Share of *Under-standings*, in a hollow but distinct Voice, the disturbed Spirit of *Clayton* made the following Exclamation.

Canst thou, ungrateful Wretch, in sabarefac'd a Manner display at once both thy Ignorance and Knavery? Is Red a Colour to be slighted? Does it not fill all over the Globe, and every Nation of the Earth pay tribute to it; and on proper Occasions would not the *yellow* tremble at its Presence? How then canst thou slight that which others adore, and like the *Ass* in the Fable, prefer Thistles to Grass? The Remembrance of former Favours ought to have a little Influence on you, but the Blessings you at present enjoy under that auspicious Colour would never be disdain'd by any except a worthless insignificant Mortal. I from the Realms of Night have paid thee this Visit, to save, if possible, by friendly Advice, thy total Destruction. The Lion once rous'd to Anger is not easily pacify'd, and a Storm is much better prevented than appeased. Shew by your future Conduct that you have repented of your Folly, and let the Red which you have disdain'd, claim the better Part of your Affections. The Cock, the Trumpeter to the Morning, proclaims the approaching Day; I go, but in Absence remember me, and imprint this useful Lesson on your Memory.

*The Lion is a true and trusty Friend,  
The Horse, alas! can poor Assistance lend;  
The Lion rous'd, will seize upon his Prey,  
The Horse can't fight, But he can run away.*

At the Conclusion of this Speech he disappeared, and the *Gentleman in yellow* fainted away; but the Servants led by a strong Smell immediately enter'd the Room, and upon taking him up and rubbing his Temples, they found no other Detriment had been done than the spoiling the Lining of his Breeches.